

Vol. I.

April, 1884.

No. 6.

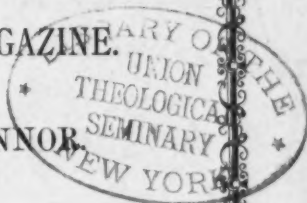
NV  
C76

THE  
**CONVERTED CATHOLIC.**

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

FATHER O'CONNOR.



I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Mary, suffered Pilate, was crucified; the third day the dead; he heaven, and sitteth of God the Father thence he shall quick and the



born of the Virgin under Pontius sed, dead and buried, he rose again from ascended into at the right hand Almighty, from come to judge the dead. I believe in

the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

PUBLISHED BY

JAMES A. O'CONNOR,

60 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Post Office, New York.

Subscription Price, 50 cents a year. Single Copies 5 cents.

Agents Wanted. Write for terms.

# CONTENTS.

An Open Letter. By C. Patterson.....	167
Death of Mrs. Josephine Vanderbilt McNamee.....	169
Pittsburg Roman Catholics dig a Pit and Fall into it. By Father O'Connor.....	170
A Shipmaster's Conversion. By Wm. McMahon.....	181
Out of Romanism into Christianity. Rev. J. H. Keeley..	186
CONFESSIONS OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST. (Serial).	
Chapter IX.....	191
Chapter X.....	198

## REFORMED CATHOLIC CHURCH, NEW YORK. RE- MOVAL TO PERMANENT PLACE OF WORSHIP.

Commencing Sunday, April 6th, the REFORMED CATHOLIC CHURCH will worship in the church building, 161 WEST TWENTY-FIFTH ST., between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

Hours of Service : Sundays at 7.30 P.M. Thursdays, prayer and testimony meeting 7.30 P.M.

The Gospel we preach is that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners ; that His blood cleanseth us from all sin ; that if we confess our sins to Him, He will cleanse us from all iniquity ; that there is but one Mediator between God and men, Christ Jesus Himself, and that His invitation to come to Him to obtain mercy in time of need embraces all mankind. In this scheme of salvation there is no need of the blessed Virgin Mary or saints; and Popes or priests cannot work in their plans. The salvation of the soul is the Lord's work alone.

During the last five years we have paid \$6,000 rent for the privilege of preaching this Gospel in large halls and vacant churches in this city. Neither my brethren, Rev. Stephen Dekins, Pastor of the Reformed Catholic Church, Newark, N. J., and Rev. James F. McNamee, Pastor of the Reformed Catholic Church, Brooklyn, nor I have received salary or aid from any particular denomination to meet the expenses of the work. Fully 2,000 persons attend our services every Sunday, and 1,000 of them are Converted Catholics. We can purchase the church building, where we will henceforth worship, for a moderate price, and we hope Christians of all denominations will help us. Since January 1st, 1884, I have received, chiefly from our own poor congregation, \$1,000 as the beginning of a fund toward purchasing a Church. That sum is now in hand waiting to add more to it. Brethren and friends come over and help us all you can in this good cause.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR,  
Pastor Reformed Catholic Church.

CONVERTED CATHOLIC office, 60 Bible House, New York.  
April 4, 1884.

Just published. "Father O'Connor's Letters to Cardinal McCloskey." Fourth Edition ; Tenth Thousand ; Revised and greatly enlarged. Price, post-paid, paper covers, 35 cts.; limp cloth, 50 cts.; in handsome cloth binding, gilt edge, \$1.00.

Address JAMES A. O'CONNOR, 60 Bible House, New York.





# The Converted Catholic.

---

APRIL, 1884.

---

## AN OPEN LETTER.

TO REV. JAMES A. O'CONNOR, EDITOR OF THE  
"CONVERTED CATHOLIC."

Dear brother, God bless you, be valiant and strong,  
Though the foe should be great, the battle be long:  
Thy motto be Onward! On! Onward! the cry.  
Take Christ for thy captain, thy needs he'll supply.

Like leaves of the forest, thy comrades may fall,  
And some may prove cowards, and heed not the call.  
Yet be not discouraged, all dangers defy,  
For other brave heroes will join by and by.

Put God in the foreground, thyself in the rear;  
Be true to thy colors; thou'st nothing to fear,  
For the cry has gone forth, and loud may it roar,  
The reign of the "harlot" is now almost o'er.

The Pope in his vestments of royal estate,  
Now "sits" as a "widow" bemoaning her fate.  
His princes have left him, but far more than all,  
The slaves of his palace obey not his call.

He may send forth his bulls, to bray like an ass,  
Yet they fail to frighten his subjects to "mass."  
His curses that once held the nations in dread,  
Are laughed into scorn and return on his head.

Not even his gardens can he call his own,  
To roam in for pleasure, when left all alone;  
For the Vatican, too, must pay for repairs,  
As well as all taxes to government heirs.

Yet the worst is to come, the half is untold;  
He must strip off his robes of purple and gold,  
Or drink of the cup, which his fathers have filled  
From the blood of the saints, for so hath God willed.

The saints and the martyrs have not prayed in vain,  
Who suffered in dungeons, by sword, rack and chain:  
The smoke of their embers, that rose through the gloom,  
Still pleadeth for vengeance, demanding his doom.

Then down with the tyrant—the foe of mankind!  
Enslaver of millions, both body and mind:  
Strike off every vestment, till naked he be,  
And Rome, like a millstone, sink into the sea.

Roll on the blest morning, Lord, hasten the day!  
Ye lovers of freedom, haste, hasten away,  
Lest you should be found with the mark of her name,  
And share in the grief of her anguish and shame.

Yours Respectfully,

C. PATTERSON,

March, 1884.

Philadelphia, Pa.

---

DEATH OF MRS. JOSEPHINE VANDERBILT  
MCNAMEE.

It is with extreme sadness we announce the affliction that has come into the home of our beloved brother, the Rev. James F. McNamee, pastor of the Reformed Catholic Church, Brooklyn. Two years ago he met Miss Josephine Vanderbilt, a young lady whose piety, Christian life and peculiar adaptability to Christian work attracted his attention. On May 31st, 1883, they were united in marriage by the Rev. Stephen T. Dekins, of Newark, N. J. Never did a happier union exist. That love which is found only in the true Christian home governed their lives, and they worked as a unit in this great Christian work. Her death on Sabbath morning, March 23d, was very sudden; it resulted from heart disease, and it is not too much to say it was a terrible shock to her large circle of friends. The funeral services were held Wednesday, March 26th, in the York Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, of which for seven years she was a member. The funeral was largely attended, more than 1,500 people crowding into the church. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Duncan MacGregor, D. D., pastor of the church, Rev. Mason Gallagher, D. D., and Rev. Stephen T. Dekins. Father O'Connor was unavoidably absent to fill a lecture engagement in Pawtucket, R. I. Certainly the rod has fallen heavily on our dear young brother. His young wife was in her 22d year, and after one year of blissful union has been suddenly cut down.

But we rejoice that his testimony, even in this trying hour is, "Neither life nor death can separate me from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord." We heartily sympathize with him and ask the prayers of the Christian people that God might comfort and bless him. He has a great work to do, and he needs a stout heart with the fulness of faith the Lord has given him to carry it on successfully.

---

### PITTSBURG ROMAN CATHOLICS DIG A PIT AND FALL INTO IT.

Some Christian friends in Pittsburg, Pa., invited me to preach and lecture in that great industrial centre early in the month of March, and as they had secured the most commodious hall in the city, which Roman Catholics were accustomed to visit on other occasions, I accepted the invitation with great pleasure. Like the other large cities of the country, Pittsburg is a stronghold of the Roman Church, there being in that diocese 1 Roman Catholic bishop, 189 priests, 8 monasteries with 130 inmates, 37 convents inclosing within their walls 526 nuns, and a Roman Catholic population of 150,000. I arrived in Pittsburg on Friday, March 14th, and my lecture in Library Hall the next evening was well attended, as were the afternoon and evening preaching services of the next day (Sunday). Monday morning I addressed the United Presbyterian Ministers' Association, and at noon I had the further privilege of speaking before the ministers' meeting of the M. E. Church. Both bodies gave me and the cause I represented a cordial greeting; an invitation to address the Presbyterian ministers at their meeting was also tendered to me, but I could not be in three places at the same time, and had to defer this pleasure. Committees were appointed to invite me to speak in various churches in Pittsburg and Alleghany, and my time was fully occupied during the week. In every church where I spoke Roman Catholics were present in large numbers, and gave the closest attention to what I said. If they had never before heard that they could be saved by repentance



toward God and faith in Christ, a full faith, without Pope or priest, they learned it then. The Pittsburg daily papers gave fair and full reports of my discourses, and much interest was manifested by the whole community. Several intelligent Roman Catholics visited me at the Home Hotel, over which presides a converted Catholic gentleman, an earnest and successful Christian worker, whose conversion to Christ appears in this issue of the CONVERTED CATHOLIC. The good seed was being sown broadcast, and, as was to be expected, Satan and his imps, the baser sort of humanity, did not like it. In the forenoon of March 21st I was visited by Mr. Kirkwood, of the editorial staff of the Pittsburg *Daily Leader*, who said that three men had called at his office to have published a statement reflecting on my character and integrity, and that he desired to get my version of the story. The sequel is told in the following article taken from the Pittsburg *Daily Leader*, March 21st, 1884 :

MISTAKEN IDENTITY—FATHER O'CONNOR CHARGED  
WITH BEING A FRAUD.

In the *Chicago Times* of a recent date the following item appeared:

"Father O'Connor, who has been lecturing against Romanism, claiming to be an ex-priest, is wanted by the sheriff of Ottawa county, Mich."

This item coming under the eyes of some residents of the East End, Pittsburg, three parties, Messrs. Wm. Newport, Timothy Ryan and David Ayres, jr., sent to this office and requested that it be inserted over their signatures in the *Leader*. Mr. Newport, who is an attendant at the Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart, in East Liberty, has been residing in that neigh-

borhood for fifteen years. In alluding to the item Mr. Newport said: "This O'Connor is merely an imitation of Pere Hyacinthe. He follows in the steps of itinerant lecturers, who, for the most part, are those who have been discarded from the church because of their violations of its laws. If he ever was a priest it is bad taste on his part to attack and hold up to ridicule those tenets of the church which his early education for a priest would have taught him to regard as sacred. Especially is he to be condemned for speaking of the secrets of a young lady's confession and of other matters that should be quietly passed by. He only uses subjects which have been worn threadbare long ago. He comes here and panders to the prejudice which exists against us in this community, but he had better connect himself with some distinct Protestant denomination, and cease trying to influence Roman Catholics. A man to be a reformer should be a good and pure man, not one whom the civil authorities are after, presumably for some breach of the civil laws."

David Ayers, Jr., who is engaged in the cattle business in the East End, said: "I am no Roman Catholic; I am a member of the Swedenborgian church of Allegheny, but I think this O'Connor ought to be run out of town. He is a fraud of the first water. He claims to come from Kerry County, Ireland, but Mr. Newport is from that county and never heard of this O'Connor. I don't believe he ever was a priest, and he is simply doing this to make money, not for any reformation. Therefore, I have signed this item, which we wish inserted, as I think the public should be made acquainted with this Michigan item."

Mr. Timothy Ryan, remarking upon his connection

with the desired publication, said: "I am a Roman Catholic and I think this O'Connor ought to be driven out of town. I don't believe he was a priest at any time, but if he was, he is the first of that name to attack the creeds of the Roman Catholic Church. We are going to hold an indignation meeting out here, and if I don't greatly misunderstand the sentiment of the people, O'Connor will have to depend upon the police for protection."

Rev. James A. O'Connor, who is stopping at the Home Hotel, was shown the item from the *Chicago Times* alluded to, and asked what he had to say in regard to the matter. In reply he handed to the reporter the January, 1884, number of the CONVERTED CATHOLIC, a magazine published in New York, of which he is the editor, and, pointing to an article headed "A Personal Explanation," said "Read that." The article contained two or three letters, addressed to the Rev. James A. O'Connor at New York, and were dated from points in Michigan, speaking of the lecturer as having been in those towns, and one of them stating that a person representing himself as Rev. Jas. A. O'Connor had been mobbed in North Muskegon, Mich., while lecturing there. In the same article the editor explains that this O'Connor is another party, and that he (James A. O'Connor) never had lectured in Michigan or Ohio, and never would do so unless by invitation.

Father O'Connor in speaking of this, said, "This other O'Connor, who is thus using my name, is a John O'Connor who came from El Paso, Ill., in the spring of 1881, to New York, and desired to ally himself with me in my reformatory movement. One week's trial demonstrated that he was not the party fit for such work, as

his methods were the old stereotyped ones of attacking the Roman Catholic Church, its priests and its people; while I am an Evangelist, who offers the Roman Catholics the Bible instead of the Church dogmas. I do not attack the Roman Catholic people nor the private lives of the priests. With that I have nothing to do. All my attacks are directed against those features of Catholicism which are of distinctly Romanist origin. The Irish Catholics have not had Christianity preached to them, and I want to present them with that pure system of religion, which has been adulterated for them by the Roman Church, an organization of purely Italian character, whose religion is partly Pagan and partly Christian, their Virgin Mary and saints being only the gods and goddesses of the Romans and Greeks. With regard to the revealing of the secrets of a young lady's confession, which I am said to have done, I say it is simply false. What I did do in my Alleghany lecture, delivered at the North Avenue M.E. Church on last Wednesday evening, was merely a contrasting of the Christian method of confessing one's sins to God and the Roman system, which compelled a young man or woman to lay bare the inmost secrets of the soul to a priest, who oftentimes is a young and inexperienced person, and may be as corrupt and wicked as Father Florence McCarthy and others of that ilk. Of all experiences, that which I had in the confessional is the most horrible. I never wish to repeat it. The confessional is an idea which must have originated in hell. It never could have come from heaven."

"As to Mr. Newport's comments upon my conduct," continued Father O'Connor, "in attacking those tenets of the Roman Church which I had been taught in early

youth, I have only to say that when I left the Roman Catholic Church I was only thirty-two years of age, just the time in a man's life when he really begins to think. The time before this is spent in the formation of character. My thinking convinced me that I had been imposed upon by Romanism, as it hadn't given the purity of faith to its subjects in general which they had a right to expect. Martin Luther and every reformer the world has produced are open to the same criticism for attacking the teachings of their early youth. I am prepared to defend my position at any time, but I have no time to give to personal abuse. Many of my friends are members of the Roman Catholic Church, and I hope to draw them over from that system to the Evangelistic one of all Protestant denominations. The *Roman Catholic Examiner*, in an editorial article three columns in length, attacked me bitterly about a year ago, and when I threatened it with prosecution for libel, the editor made an humble apology, saying that he meant the other O'Connor in all the statements he had made in the attack."

Thus the Romans of the baser sort had digged a pit for me, but they had fallen into it themselves; they were hoist by their own petard, and confusion reigned in their ranks. The Psalmist saith, "God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day.

If he turn not, he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow, and made it ready.

He hath also prepared for him the instruments of death; he ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors.

Behold, he travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood.

He made a pit and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made.

His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

Those baser sort of Romans in Pittsburg had fallen into the trap they had set for me, and there was none to pity them. The same evening I spoke in the Liberty Street M. E. Church, Pittsburg, and took occasion to say that there were many O'Connors nowadays who had resolutely set their faces against Popery, and that if I were the first of my name to do so, thank God I should not be the last; for I was raising up a family and converting my own people to carry on the good work. It would do Martin Luther's heart good to hear how my five year old boy, George Washington O'Connor, can thunder forth his famous saying, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen." And my wife tells me she is going to train up our little daughter to be a missionary for carrying the Gospel to the poor benighted Romanists to whom her father ministered as a Popish priest. The idea that the O'Connors are not opposing Popery! By the grace of God, all of them shall turn from that "Man of Sin" in Rome, and leave him to the doom that is destined for the enemies of God.

Sunday March 23d, I preached in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, and from the Pastor, Rev. Dr. McBride, and his people I received that hearty greeting that comes from warm Christian hearts. In the evening I preached to an immense audience in the North Avenue M. E. Church, Alleghany City, Rev. W. A. Robinson, Pastor. It was calculated by those competent to judge that as many persons were turned away from the doors unable to gain admission as were accommodated inside. The pity of it is that most of those

who came late were Roman Catholics, though many had the Word preached to them in the church. The work in New York called me back to this city, but not before I had promised to return to Pittsburg in the Fall.

I left Pittsburg Monday morning and arrived in New York the same night. Next day I received by mail a copy of the *Pittsburg Daily Leader* of March 24th, marked in two places. The first paragraph marked was as follows:

"A gentleman who attended the lecture of the Rev. James A. O'Connor, in the North Avenue M. E. Church, Alleghany, last night, said: 'I do not believe a larger crowd was ever gathered in that edifice. The entire building was packed from the rear up to the speaker's feet and the steps leading to the door completely jammed. I should estimate that there were 1,200 persons present, of which number fully one-half were Irish Roman Catholics. At the close of the speaker's remarks he was cordially invited to return.' Another gentleman said he arrived at the building about 7 P. M., but was unable to get in, as about 500 persons were turning away after a fruitless effort to gain admission."

But there was another marked passage in the paper that showed the cloven foot. The Roman Catholics had expected that I would revile them because they had the misfortune to inherit the false teachings of the Papal Church. This I had not done, for in Pittsburg and Alleghany, as in New York, I separate the people from the system. God loves the sinner and Christ died for him, though he hates the sin. There is not a Christian minister in the world to-day who denounces the errors and corruptions of the Roman Catholic Church

but loves the people, who have been made victims and dupes of that monstrous system, the "mystery of iniquity," that stands between the soul of the sinner and his Saviour. There is not a true Christian in America who does not pity the spiritual blindness that enslaves the Roman Catholics, while no one with the Word of God in his hand and the light of God in his soul can have any other feeling but that of contempt for the superstition that puts creatures like the Virgin Mary and saints, with their altars, statues and pictures, as intercessors with God, in the place of Jesus Christ, who "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

As I did not abuse the Roman Catholics, the Jesuitical party, seeing how the people flocked to hear me, adopted an entirely new line of attack against me. My mission was to win over the people to the Christian way of life and the Bible way of salvation. This uproots the whole system of Rome, and the Jesuits know it. Three days after my arrival in Pittsburg a Roman Catholic priest died in Sharpsburg, one of its suburbs. In the afternoon of the day of the funeral, which was attended by a large number of priests, an intelligent man called on me at the Home Hotel and said he had just come from the funeral, and as all the priests there were discussing among themselves the purport of my visit, he wished to learn for himself and for their information, "what brought O'Connor to Pittsburg?" The result of his interview with me was contained in the other marked passage in the *Daily Leader*. I give it as it appeared in the paper, with the warning to my readers that false inferences are drawn and coloring added to suit the Jesuitical taste of the writer:



“THINKS FATHER O’CONNOR WILL RETURN TO THE  
ROMAN CATHOLIC FAITH.”

“In a communication of this date, Mr. N. N. Dale, a member of St. Mary’s Roman Catholic church, of Sharpsburg, says: ‘I just had a lengthy interview with the ex-priest, James A. O’Connor, at the Home Hotel, Duquesne Way, Pittsburg. The Roman Catholic religion, and the reason why O’Connor left the Roman Church, were subjects argued *pro* and *con* at great length. Among other things I mentioned was the manner in which Roman Catholics pray. He thought that was not the proper way of praying. When I took from my pocket a rosary, O’Connor said, ‘That is not the way you should pray.’ At the same time he took the book and handled it with a desire to retain it, and it was only after I had reached for it several times that he consented to return it. ‘My love toward the Catholics,’ said he, ‘is very great. Could I feel a hatred for them when I was among them as a priest in Chicago? They loved and esteemed me as a priest and a gentleman, and I will continue to respect them. I have a son, a bright little boy, five years old, whom I have named George Washington O’Connor, and I want him to live to tell the people, if I die before him, that his father was at one time a Roman Catholic priest, but that in spite of that he was an honorable and honest man.’ ‘Then I understand that you are married?’ I said. ‘Yes,’ he replied; ‘my wife and I are second cousins, her mother and mine being full cousins.’ ‘Are you hopeful of getting anyone to join your reformed religion in Pittsburg?’ I asked. ‘Well, I think so,’ he replied. ‘Two ladies came to me since I have been here, and I think they wish to become Reformed Catholics.’ I

think O'Connor will return to the Roman Catholic religion before he dies, because upon being closely questioned on some of the most important points in that interview he could find no logical reason for discarding them. And it is what a majority of the ministers and prominent members of churches of other denominations are beginning to say of him. When he does return to the Roman Catholic faith, it will only be a repetition of an incident which took place in this diocese in 1854. At that time a priest left the church, went to Germany, his native country, took a wife, and returning to the United States again, went to Covington, Ky., where he amassed a fortune as a physician. The fruits of his marriage were two daughters. After living with his family for five years he renounced his manner of living and entered the Mount Casino monastery at Cincinnati, to which place his wife accompanied him as far as the main entrance to the sacred walls and then returned to her home. He remained there a short time, when he was removed to the monastery of the Benedictine Fathers at St. Vincent's, Westmoreland County, where he died in about three months and was buried."

"As the Rev. Father O'Connor left the city at an early hour this morning, he could not be seen in regard to the above interview."

My reply to this, which has been forwarded to the *Leader*, will appear in the next issue of the CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

"FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL McCLOSKEY," 192 pages, 12mo. Price, post paid, 35 cents; limp cloth, 50 cents; in handsome cloth binding, gilt edge, \$1.00.

## A SHIPMASTER'S CONVERSION.

BY WM. McMAHON, SUPT. BETHEL AND YOUNG MEN'S  
HOME, PITTSBURG.

I was on board my vessel lying at one of the piers in East River, New York. A missionary from the Mariners' Bethel on Henry Street came on board and distributed tracts. Being chief officer, he asked my permission to give some to the sailors, and as I consented he handed me one. The title was "Christ found at the lamp-post." It told about a man who had spent nearly a lifetime in sin. One day half intoxicated he wandered into the Fulton Street prayer-meeting; he rose for prayers; and that night, leaning up against a lamp-post, he poured out his soul to God in prayer, and God for Christ's sake spoke peace to his soul, etc.

After reading the tract I said to myself, is it possible that a man who has spent a lifetime in sin can get pardon for that sin without going to the priest to confession? Our ship left New York for a foreign voyage, but still I could not eradicate from my mind the thought of the man at the lamp-post.

One year afterwards we returned to New York, when a missionary from the same Sailors' Bethel invited the whole ship's crew to services that evening (Sunday), and we went. I felt a little peace inwardly on my way to the ship. As many of us as could go were invited to attend a prayer-meeting the next day at 11 A.M., and about fifteen of us went with him. An old sailor got up and said, "Friends and shipmates, two years ago I found my way into this little prayer-meeting; I was then a wicked sinner; I asked for your prayers; the next day we sailed, and before we crossed the Gulf Stream I

was a happy, converted man. And now I have returned after being shipwrecked on the coast of Florida, and while brave men's hearts were failing them I was clinging to the rigging, singing praises to my Saviour; and here are two men on either side of me who can corroborate my statement." "Yes," said the two men, starting to their feet, "we were weeping while he was singing. Pray for us; we want to be Christians."

At the close of the meeting I said to Captain Welsh (that was the missionary's name), "If I could feel as that old sailor feels, I would seek Christ Protestant fashion." Said he, "You can if you only pray God to give you a new heart."

"Why," I said, "I pray every night."

"What do you say when you pray?"

"I bless myself first, then say the 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary.'"

"What is the 'Hail Mary?'"

I repeated it for him, and he said with a wave of his hand, "Away with such stuff." I didn't like that expression and was going to leave, when he said kindly, "My dear young friend, kneel down and ask God for Christ's sake to pardon your sins." That night on board my ship I went to my berth, and turning with my face to the side of the ship, I cried in the bitterness of my heart, "Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me and soften my hard heart." I said it three times, when instantly, like St. Augustine, the load was lifted and I was filled with peace and joy. The tears flowed freely, and I loved my Saviour as I never did before. Hitherto I feared him as a relentless tyrant who held the lash of torment over the trembling culprit. Now I loved him and everybody around me, Protestants just as well as

Roman Catholics. Next morning when I awoke from the sweetest sleep of my life, the same peace was there. I went to the meeting at eleven o'clock. Captain Welsh shook hands with me and said, "Did you pray last night?" "I did." "With what result?" "Why, there's a sweet peace inwardly, and I love everybody, and my Saviour especially, with all my heart." "That's a sign of conversion," said he; "you are converted. Glory to God! I see it in your countenance. Tell me all about it." I did, and asked would this sweet peace abide with me for ever? "Yes," said he, "if you never neglect secret prayer daily." And that secret prayer daily has been the bulwark of my life ever since. The good Dr. Hodge, then, and I believe now, pastor of the Bethel Church, gave me much encouragement, for which I shall always remember him with gratitude and affection.

The writer of the above testimony has devoted himself to the service of the Saviour who brought such peace and joy to his life, and has labored for years past in connection with the Western Seamen's Friend Society. He was for several years superintendent of the Bethel Home in Erie, Pa., and now occupies the responsible position of General Superintendent of the Home Hotel and Bethel Mission in Pittsburg, Pa. During our recent visit to Pittsburg he did everything possible to promote the cause in which we are laboring, for his good heart, now converted to Christ, sympathizes with his Roman Catholic brethren who, by the false teachings of their Church, are deprived of their Saviour's love. Brother McMahon will be heard from again by our readers. Meantime we publish the fol-

lowing unique prayer which he heard from a converted Catholic sailor named Fred McCarthy, and which he gave us from memory on the eve of our departure from his hospitable "Home." At the same time he gave us a brief history of some of Fred's exploits. On one occasion he was stopping at Mr. Alexander's "Sailors' Home," 190 Cherry Street, New York, when he broke through the regulations by going on a spree. Mr. Alexander was not aware of it until Fred came to dinner, and he determined to remonstrate with him after that meal. Fred expected as much, and he resolved to give ample cause for whatever scolding he would get. While Mr. Alexander was saying grace at the head of the table, Fred with tipsy deliberation arose, and stepping on his chair jumped on the table and commenced to dance a "break down" in true Irish style. He finished it by kicking over every article of food and the crockery on the table, and then upsetting it, to the dismay of the other boarders. Mr. McMahon met him in Erie and invited him to the Bethel Mission Service. Fred attended, though still a staunch follower of the Pope. A young lady sang so sweetly at that service (she is now Mr. McMahon's wife and helpmeet in his good work) that Fred's heart was moved, and he asked her to sing the hymn again. She did so, and as the sweet tones of her fine voice swept through the audience the poor sailor's heart was stirred within him, and he said to her, "Can Jesus, of whom you sing, love a rough man like me?" Mr. McMahon and other friends gathered around him, and soon Fred McCarthy was a converted man. But his wife continued a stubborn Papist and sorely tried poor Fred by her persecutions. She burned his Bible and threatened him with all the

curses of the Pope. Fred only prayed the harder for her conversion. One of his prayers, given in sailor fashion, to which reference has been made, was as follows:

O Lord, ye're a powerful God, and ye know ye are. Ye're a better man than the devil, and he's not half the devil he's cracked up to be either; and one whiff of ye're wing would knock him higher than a kite. We are weak, but ye are strong. O Lord, put on all your sails, your royals, your topgallant sails and your stud-din' sails, and sail under the lee of my wife and board her, and knock all Romanism out of her. For Christ's sake, Amen."

His prayer has been answered, and the wife and children have all been converted. The happy family are now on a farm in Oregon; and Fred's leisure, yes, and many an hour when he could not spare it, as worldly people would say, is devoted to preaching, expounding the Scriptures, explaining the way of salvation, and telling of Jesus and his love to the rough laborers who have been engaged in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Such testimony encourages all to greater exertion in the good cause. Thousands of Roman Catholic sailors have been converted through the instrumentality of such undenominational work as the Sailors' Friend Society, with its Western branch that covers the great lakes and rivers. And truly when sailor or landsman is converted from sin and Popery, the exclamation of good Captain Welsh, "away with such stuff," finds a hearty response in his heart. The superstition of the Church of Rome is a misguiding compass that leads souls to inevitable shipwreck.

J. A. O'C.

## OUT OF ROMANISM INTO CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. JAMES H. KEELEY, PASTOR OF THE  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PUNXSU-  
TAWNEY, PA.

## III.

*Conversion and Early Trials as a Christian.*

The caption of this chapter will cause my Roman Catholic readers to smile, perhaps, as they claim nothing more for conversion than a change in the mind, an intellectual assent to a new faith. They will say I had already undergone such a change several times, for I had not been doing much else than changing my mind for some years! But, thanks be to God, conversion is more than that; it is a change of heart too, and such a change as cannot be produced by the device of man, but by the power of God. The Romanists may weary you by endless discussions about the letter, but they are like tinkling cymbals when talking about the spirit. Behold, it is written, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Many who have sought to do me injury in the past and are of that mind still would represent me as surrendering one religion and accepting another within a few weeks or months. The facts that I have given in previous pages refute that, as they themselves know, if they would tell the truth. I could no longer believe Papal Infallibility, nor be convinced that priests and bishops were any better in the sight of God than other people, only as they served God and loved man better. The priest to whom I confessed most frequently was a drunken sot; and I knew many



others to be nearly or quite as bad. I was convinced that celibacy in the priesthood and conventual and monastic orders was incompatible with the highest happiness, the greatest purity, and the most commendable chastity. So with confession, the mass, transubstantiation, mariolatry, the invocation and worship of saints, etc. They might do for the superstitious devotee, or the bigoted superficialist, but there was not that in them that reached the heart and changed the man. So I was a doubter of the Romish faith and an honest one, not because of much learning, but by a little practical common sense, and it does not take much of this to blow up all the addenda that Rome has attached to the Gospel. My health was failing on account of close application to work, and I was compelled to cease almost wholly from study on account of weak eyes. This forced me to read less, and led me to reflect more. The summer of 1877 I taught school, almost entirely without the use of a book myself at first, but my sight recovered a little later on. This school term was to me the point of turning to that peace and happiness religiously that I have since enjoyed. An intimate friend, J. C. Wharton, a member of the M. E. Church, taught a neighboring school, and also taught a class in the Sabbath-school in the vicinity, and several of his scholars in the latter were day-pupils of mine. Their Christian decorum was an honor to them and an ornament to my school. They repeatedly invited me to their Sabbath-school, and partly for curiosity, partly for friendship, and also because I was honestly desirous to find a better way if there was one, I attended the Sabbath-school frequently for several months. The Sabbath-school lessons of this period, providentially for

me, were in the Book of Acts, reaching in their compass over the conversion and labors of St. Paul and his co-workers, and the general doings of the early Church. The simplicity of statement and power of truth in these lessons so reached my thought and heart that I had no rest but in contemplation and meditation of them, and not much even then, for I felt I was as much opposed to the truth as Paul had been. Tarrying with the religious people at the church one Sabbath after morning service, the person who led the meeting requested me to speak. This I had not intended to do, although I had voluntarily decided to remain with those who stayed for religious testimony. Now when requested, I was constrained to arise and say something. My heart was heavy, and I do not remember just what I said; others could tell perhaps better than I at this time. It was short and somewhat like this: "I feel that I am very wicked. I do not love this Jesus in whom you seem to be so happy; I want to do what is right, and believe in him if I can know the way. Will you pray for me?" Of course I was greeted warmly by many grasps of the hand and friendly encouragements; it was not like going to confession to a priest; I felt it did one's soul good to confess in this way.

This led me to be more and more thoughtful on religious subjects, and when with those whom I knew to be religious I wanted to talk about the doubts that were troubling me. On account of this many thought me insincere, and attributed my inquisitiveness to skepticism, and gave me credit for no good intent. To break away from my unbelief was hard enough, but this reception by some Christians made it still harder. I was not saved yet; if I had been converted these burdens could be

lightly borne, as they afterwards were. But this was not all. The community was not slow in learning all that had passed, and it was not long until stories were woven and told about me beyond all ordinary measure of credibility. People left their usual routine of gossip to give their opinions about the young heretic. One young lady said, "If he had joined the 'Grange' I would forgive him, but if he has joined the Methodists I will never forgive him." Another, a good mother in the "true church," said, if I was her son she would put a bullet through my heart. A company of my early companions concluded to give me the benefit of a surplus box of eggs that had become too old for table use, but I did not pass by that way that evening. Poor dupes; I see them yet in the bushes by the way-side, a dozen of them, with eggs in hand, ready to throw at me. I suppose they are serving the "true church" still. They urged my brother to waylay me and give me a sound beating, but he had a little sense and humanity mixed with his Romish faith. My mother was grieved, and would not be comforted. She told me she could not recognize as a son one who would go astray as I did. I was boarding at home, but before my school-term closed I left the maternal roof. Sad it was for me, sadder for poor mother; but it seemed to be the only road to peace for them and me. This, instead of lessening the furor against me, increased it; and my Christian friends considered my body hardly safe, much less my reputation. I was condemned as a heretic and an ungrateful son; and in spite of my sobriety of character and success as a teacher I was made the personification of the most wretched duplicity and hypocrisy in the community. I bless the Lord to-day for those trials,

although they came near causing me shipwreck in those days. And while these storms were raging fiercest, I was yet without the great Captain. I had not found peace, but after a few months' struggle, he came to me as to Paul, and said, "Be of good cheer," and all was peace within. In gratitude I remember the many Christian friends whom I have not the space to mention here, who were to me kind, encouraging sympathizers. My conversion was not instantaneous nor hardly gradual, in the usual sense of that word; but by seasons God would let me in to greater and greater light, until I felt his love and could say with Paul of my Romish persecutions, "None of these things move me." My joy was complete. The Gospel truly was "the power of God" unto my salvation when I believed, and the giver of a peace that passeth telling. Oh! how little my enemies know how much joy and peace I had; and some of them will never know, for they will not believe. No anguish was greater than mine when I left all the old and had not found the new; no joy sweeter or peace more satisfying than mine when the love of Jesus entered my soul, and I knew him as my Saviour.

---

THE BRIEF SPACE AT OUR DISPOSAL THIS MONTH WILL only permit bare mention of the work in each of the Reformed Catholic Churches.

In New York, while Father O'Connor was absent in Pittsburg, sermons were delivered by Rev. G. W. Samson, D.D., Rev. William D. Fox, and Rev. Stephen O'Donnell, many Roman Catholics attending as usual.

In Newark, N. J., Rev. Stephen Dekins preached all through the month of March with his usual success; and in Brooklyn Rev. James F. McNamee has preached to very large audiences.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Desperate resolution—I shut myself in the monastery of La Trappe—Mode of life—Awful mortifications—The dying, the penitential, and the despairing Trappist.*

After many months of such a mode of life, and meditations of every kind, I came to a desperate resolution. The reading of extravagant lives of saints, who placed holiness in the most unnatural practices, had filled my poor head with designs more or less ridiculous. At length, being almost overpowered, fighting and tired of such miseries, I resolved upon going and shutting myself for ever in the monastery of La Trappe, a religious establishment under the most severe rules. This design seemed to be inspired by heaven, and I thought it would be a great sin not to follow it. I therefore wrote to my bishop, whose leave I wanted for resigning my station. At first he answered that my duty was to remain where providence had assigned me; but upon renewed applications he yielded to my importunities. By this way, and setting out from the city where I had so many dear acquaintances, I hoped to get rid of my sad attachment. I hoped to find peace and rest in the solitude of the monastery, to tame and crush my body for ever by means of the cruel penances of mortification. Thus I sacrificed all my hopes in this world to my duty, or what I deemed to be such.

I left without taking leave of any body, and went to this solitary establishment, far distant from our town. At first I remained a novice, to try my vocation. Here I am then a Trappist, living in a manner which I cannot better describe than by saying it is the savage life in community. The day when you go in, you say fare-

well to the world: you are dead to it, the world is dead to you. Family, kinsmen, father, mother, brother and sister, are nothing to a Trappist; he never sees them more, never hears of them, dead or alive. Only when the Superior learns the death of some kinsman of a monk, he says in the evening prayer, "Brethren, let us pray for the father (or mother, as the case may be) of one of us, who has died a few days since." And each of them remains for ever under the weight of this awful uncertainty.

The first requirement of the order is absolute silence, an eternal silence, broken only in the confession of sins. When they want any thing, they ask it by sign; meat is banished from the house; eggs, butter and milk almost the whole year; they eat only vegetables boiled, and with the worst oil only; they drink either water or sour beer; they never wear linen, but woollen shirts on the bare skin, and sleep upon planks or hard straw beds with their clothes on. At midnight, or at one or two, according to the degree of the feasts, they rise to go to the church, where they remain two or three hours without fire, standing, kneeling, and singing. Afterwards they sleep some hours, and return to the chapel and to work. Almost the whole year is spent in fasting. These men, working hard all the morning, and singing a part of the night, breakfast only at twelve on the worst food, which beggars would disdain. The afternoon passes away in such occupations as the morning. I do not detail all the mortifications: kissing the ground, tearing their body with a whip, wearing hair-cloth, etc. I will only say that it is a duty to mortify the body in all its most natural wants or desires, by means of the most cruel and stupid practices.

Such was the kind of life I had embraced, such were the men with whom I was mixed. Among those mortifications, the heaviest to me was the dirtiness resulting from the absence of linen, and the vermin which consequently established their abode in our skin. But as I never wanted reasons to justify the most nonsensical ideas, I imagined that even those vermin would be changed into as many diamonds in the next world.

Here true Christian humility requires this avowal, that I was not the first inventor of those wonders. No; I only imitated some saints whose ideas I adopted. The reading of so many legends of their far-famed exploits had spoiled my poor head, as novels and romances sometimes spoil the mind and the heart of young people.

But vainly had I shut the door upon the world, vainly had I fled; according to the counsel of the Gospel I was always the same man; I could not fly from myself. I soon judged myself unworthy of living with such holy men; for such they were in general, if holiness consists in destroying one's nature, and in dirtiness. I judged them dead to themselves, to their body, and to all natural feelings. But after some days, when I had time to look around me, what was my astonishment at seeing them undergoing the same struggles as myself! So true is it, as Horace says:

*"Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurrit"*—

*"Expel nature with a pitchfork, she will nevertheless return."*

I saw (and I could not help shuddering through pity) those Trappists perambulating the long and gloomy corridor, enwrapped in their white gowns, going to the chapel in the night, like shadows or corpses much more than living beings; under those skeletons bubbled

up human passions, beat one human heart; under those bald, whitened, snowy skulls, burned, and groaned, and roared a foul Vesuvius. Its eruptions were more awful than I could or will say.

I had not been a fortnight in this abode before I saw clearly that all would be useless, and that in the convent of *La Trappe* as in the world I should be a restless and wretched man. During my residence I witnessed the death of an old Trappist who had passed all his life in the convent. Forced by the French revolution to leave his garb and house, he went to Ireland; and when, after the concordat, religious houses and convents were opened again, he came back to his former dwelling, where he was now dying. We ranged ourselves, as usual in such cases, around him. Through humility he was lying on the floor of his cell, unwilling to die even in a straw bed. He begged our pardon for scandal, or any bad example he might have given us; and asked our prayers for his last fight with the wicked angel, as he said. He received the sacrament and the extreme unction piously, and he breathed his last breath without any effort.

We carried his corpse to the grave in the church-yard, which lay precisely in the middle of the building, always in our sight. A dug grave is at hand ready for the first dying Trappist. We deposited him in his last dwelling, where he found at length rest and peace. His fate seemed to me very enviable.

I will interject here the following from a London paper which will enlighten my accounts of *La Trappe* and show their accuracy:

A monk of the order of *La Trappe*, in France, was brought before Alderman Cowan by a police officer, under the following circumstances:



The poor Trappist had been wandering about Tower Hill and its neighborhood the preceding night, with all the evidence of starvation about him, but without uttering a syllable of complaint, or soliciting the smallest assistance. At length he stretched himself in as private a place as he could find, and was perceived by a Jew, in whose breast was lodged the heart of a true Samaritan. The Jew, whose name was Knight, shook the stranger, and asked him whether he had no lodging to go to. The monk answered by a shrug and a ghastly look, that fully disclosed the condition of his purse; not a word did he utter.

The Jew was requested to mention what he had ascertained of the poor man.

Mr. Knight stated, that having been born in France, he soon discovered that the melancholy being he had picked up was a countryman of his own, and had been brought up under the silent system, and was very likely to perish under the starving system. It was a strange mode of recommending a man's self to the notice of the author of all good to slight and reject the use of the gifts and faculties which he has been pleased to dispense. But so it was with the votaries of La Trappe, by the presiding authority of which the skeleton-like stranger was sentenced to do penance, by a pilgrimage through England and Ireland, for some transgression of the rules of the order. Witness took the monk home, and placed before him the best food that could be afforded; but the wretched man would take but little refreshment, and refused to lie down upon any other bed than the hard floor, where he consigned himself once more to sleep, but not until he had fervently prayed for mercy, as was evident from his heavy sighs, uplifted hands, and mov-

ing but soundless lips. Next morning witness ascertained that his guest had left a change of clothes at some public-house in the neighborhood of London bridge, and had been two days looking for the place without effect.

Alderman Cowan said that the conduct of the person who had relieved the poor enthusiast was truly noble. Many he feared, who were in the habit of reviling the Jews, "passed on the other side."

Mr. Hobler. Did you tell him that you were a Jew?

Mr. Knight. No; I was afraid that, deplorable as his condition was, he would have scorned my aid if I had said a word about that.

Mayley, the policeman, was then directed by Mr. Alderman Cowan to inquire in the public-houses in the neighborhood of London bridge whether the monk had deposited his clothes in any one of them. In the course of the day the officer returned, having succeeded in his charge. Wrapped up in his threadbare garment were the works of Kempis and other eminent writers of the Christian religion; and the poor monk for the first time appeared to relax, and something like a gleam of satisfaction was observable for a moment on his countenance when the books were put into his hands. He then bowed to the alderman, meekly placing his hands upon his breast, shook his benevolent host by the hand, and once more set out on his pilgrimage.

Among the Trappist fathers was one whose duty it was to receive strangers, and to whom I was attracted by the superiority of his look. His eyes were brilliant, his features noble, his carriage majestic. Blessed be Providence which put such a good man in my way. His kindness, learning, much above that of a Trappist,

knowledge of the world and of the human heart, his own misfortunes, bound me to him very closely. We became friends—unhappiness looks for unhappiness, and is only fitted to understand it. We wanted each other. One day, in one of those communicative moments so delightful to a burdened human heart, he forgot the rules of the monastery, and related to me his history. I scarcely ever in my life heard a more pitiful tale. “I hoped,” said he, “to find some remedy for the despair which at one time seized upon me. I thought that among those men of God I should enjoy peace and tranquillity. But, as says Solomon, ‘all is vanity.’ Roman Catholicism forbids suicide, but it gives leave to destroy one’s self by means of mortification; yea, this is considered a virtue. I will profit by this leave, and practise this virtue. Soon I hope I will be in the bosom of God. There is my only refuge, the only refuge of a Roman Catholic priest. But for you, this is my counsel: Go back to your ministry; your residence here avails nothing; believe my experience in the same matter; in the world you may be useful; here, useless. Go, perform your duties; teach the ignorant, teach virtue. You were imprudent enough when you embraced the priesthood; do not load yourself further by the vow of a Trappist. I wish I had received the same advice before becoming a priest.”

His history astonished me, and his counsels, which I did not expect from a Trappist, made a deep impression on my mind. But I remained yet some days. In the meantime, one of my brothers hastened to the monastery as soon as he learned my residence. He remonstrated so strongly with me that I promised him to leave the house when I could. My health also was

worse than before, and this circumstance was given as an obstacle to my longer remaining. It was painful to me to leave my unhappy friend, knowing his feelings and uneasiness. He said to me when I set out, "Farewell, dear brother; had I not pronounced my vows of living here till death, perhaps I would go with you; your friendship would be a relief to me; your departure is the most painful circumstance that has occurred to me since my entrance here. Your absence will leave me in the same desert as before. Farewell!" and he pressed me in his attenuated arms; "be happy—think of me—pray for the Trappist: we will meet again, all in heaven, where we shall be allowed to love every body without crime." I set out heart-broken. I resumed my position in the parish church, which was not yet filled by another priest, and all things went on as before.

---

#### CHAPTER X.

*Consolation in my faith—My ignorance—Doubts seize upon me  
—Struggles to keep my faith—My sufferings.*

Although my existence was a heavy burden, I found in the resources of my faith an immense consolation and a powerful compensation. All the ridiculous superstitions of popery, so much like the inventions of mythology, had completely bewitched me. My faith was so tender, my conviction so deep, so true, my love of religion and zeal for its glory so ardent and burning, that all these were a blessing to me. Woe be to the man without any sincere convictions! I found an inexpressible delight in saying mass, thinking that I held my Saviour in my own hands, that I ate him, and gave him to others in communion; in reciting my breviary

*(To be continued.)*





The following is the article that appeared in the January number of the *CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, to which reference is made in the quotation from the *Pittsburg Daily Leader* published in this issue:

#### A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

During the last two years the Associated Press despatches published in all the daily papers of the country have frequently referred to the treatment received by a Father O'Connor who has been delivering anti-Roman lectures in various States. The Editor of this Magazine, who is Pastor of a large congregation in New York, is generally known as Father O'Connor, and it was assumed that he was the person referred to. The fact that another Father O'Connor had left the Roman Catholic Church within the last few years, and had taken a bold stand in delivering lectures on his experience as a priest, seemed to be altogether unknown. This man, whose name is John O'Connor, is no relation of the editor and publisher of the *CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, and has no connection with the Reformed Catholic Church. He came to New York in April, 1881, but after a brief trial it was apparent that he was not qualified for the preaching of the Gospel. He then left the city, and, as reported, went through the country delivering lectures against Popery. From the treatment he has received it seems that he has not commended himself either to Protestants or Catholics, and from the subjoined letters it is evident that he is sailing under false colors by representing himself as "Father O'Connor, pastor of the Reformed Catholic Church, New York." Mr. George Kelly writes from Mapleton, Grand Traverse Co., Mich., under date of Oct. 27th, 1883:

"To the Rev. JAMES A. O'CONNOR.—*Dear Sir*: I take great interest in reading your letters to Cardinal McCloskey and the accounts of your work among Roman Catholics, and I am glad to say I had the pleasure of seeing you when you lectured in Traverse City, Mich., recently."

A lady who is interested in the conversion of Roman Catholics writes from Ohio: "I was delighted when I saw it announced in the papers that Father O'Connor was to lecture in our town. I went to the hall accompanied by a number of friends. The lecturer had not been speaking ten minutes when I knew it could not be you. There was a total absence of Christian spirit in his discourse. Great was our disappointment."

The following letter is more serious still, and places this O'Connor in a very unenviable position. It is from a leading merchant in the city from which it is written:

Office of W. J. MCKENZIE, }  
MUSKEGON, MICH., OCT. 25th, 1883. {

REV. JAMES A. O'CONNOR.—*Dear Sir*: I received the first number of the *CONVERTED CATHOLIC* and am much pleased with it. In a few days I will send you a club of subscribers. But my reason for writing now is to inform you that there is a person lecturing around here representing himself as Father

James A. O'Connor. He lectured here on the 8th inst., and at North Muskegon two or three times; and I saw by last evening's paper that he was mobbed in Berlin, Mich. If this man is a fraud I think you ought to be informed.

Yours, very respectfully,

W. J. MCKENZIE.

[Rev. Jas. A. O'Connor never lectured in Ohio or Michigan, and never will lecture there or anywhere else unless invited.]

The foregoing needs no further comment than that Christian people should be cautious of receiving and encouraging anti-Roman lecturers whose only stock in trade is bitterness of spirit and vigorous denunciation of Popish practices. Let it be taken for granted what every Protestant believes, that Popery is a false system of religion, and that the intelligent Roman Catholics are finding this out. Would it not be better for those who abandon that unscriptural system, be they priests or laymen, to take the Bible in their hands, and with a living faith in Christ the Redeemer and only Mediator, endeavor to present a better and surer way of salvation than Rome can give them.

In this connection the following from the *Pittsburg Commercial Gazette* of March 24th, 1884, is given as a sample of the preaching by the Editor of this Magazine and his brethren in the Reformed Catholic Church.

#### FATHER O'CONNOR'S SERMON.

"THE REFORMED VIEW OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

"Father O'Connor, the reformed Catholic priest, of New York City, preached last night in the North Avenue M. E. Church, Alleghany. He opened his discourse by speaking of the sacrifice that Christ had offered for all mankind, and said what God had made perfect should be left so, and that the ceremonies of Roman Catholic priests were nothing more than mockery. 'If St. Paul should come to-day,' he continued, 'and open the doors of the Roman Catholic Church and expound the true doctrine, bishops and priests would turn him out. They would say there must be mass and there must be dispensations from the Pope, and you must pray to the Virgin Mary and saints, and confess your sins to us, etc. Take the nations that have God's truth and what do we behold? We see them illustrating the very Spirit of God that enlightens and purifies man. Shall I contrast this state of affairs with the Roman Catholic nations? Shall I go back to my dear old native land, Ireland, to find a comparison? I mourn over her condition, but let her be free from Popery to-day and she will be civilly and politically free. Roman Catholics have degenerated in the march of civilization; they have been deceived and defrauded of the blessings of the atonement and redemption of Christ. Man as a child of God will illustrate his birth and parentage. The work of God in the salvation of souls is progressing in our day. The speaker here to-night is only an evidence of it. Your hearts beat in sympathy for the heathen in China and Japan, but there are Roman Catholics at your own doors who are as ignorant of the way of salvation through Christ alone as any heathen.'"



